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STROBE



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March 1977



As the sun rises in the east, Joe School ambles through the campus parking lot. The dew is still on the grass, but Joe School is wide eyed, awake. His hair is neatly combed, his ears are clean. There are new laces in his sneakers.

He flashes an ultra-brite smile at a passing student. "Hello!" he exclaims in a strong, confident voice. Springing up the stairway he thinks: Another Day!

Joe School greets each day with the enthusiasm of a mountain climber. He thrills to the challenge of his studies, club activities, sports and student government-in short, the society of higher education. He understands the operation; he is involved.

Striding into the cafeteria, he grins over the counter. "Good morning, Hilda. Coffee black, please."

"Coming up, Joe," the woman answers. "You know, Joe," she adds thoughtfully, "we get a lot of strange people coming through here. Just yesterday..."

Joe listens intently as she explains the problem. "Do you think you could get something done about it?" she asks.

Pocketing his change, Joe grins

JOE SCHOOL

by Christi

again. "I'll see what I can do."

As Joe hurries to his first class, he balances his coffee cup with such ease, the feat is nearly a talent. He sees a friend standing in the hall. "Roger!" he enthusiastically greets, giving a kind slap on the back, without losing a drop of coffee. "Hey man, what's happenin'?"

They speak briefly, using the vernacular of the day. Joe has a marvelous ability to speak briefly, yet fully; it is a trick he learned in his debate classes in high school. He leaves Roger with a sense of being fully appreciated, yet Joe himself is not a moment late to his class.

"Hey, see ya, man," he says, opening the door to the classroom. Greeted by the smiling eyes of his English teacher, Joe's tone instantly changes. "Good morning, Mrs. Smith. How are you today?"

"Good morning, Joe," she sings to her pet.

As the class begins, Mrs. Smith says that she would like to read some excellent assignments she just received. "Oh, this one is simply delightful!" she squeals, picking out a paper from her folder. "Joe, do you mind if I read your essay on 'The Eating and Sleeping Habits of the North American Mongoose'?"

Smiling modestly, Joe answers, "Of course not, Mrs. Smith."

As the teacher finishes, she uses a long list of favorable adjectives to describe the quality of the paper—a practice which makes her one of Joe's

favorite teachers.

He sits quietly, taking it all in.

The class starts to get rowdy, kidding Joe about his "success as a writer, among other things". Only a few of the comments are vicious. For a man of Joe's importance, he has precious few enemies. Most of these are people who have not been able to carry out their questionable schemes through the channels of student government because of Joe's iron hand of justice. Joe ignores these people and their comments, concentrating always on the praise he receives.

The morning passes quickly. Soon it is lunch time. The cafeteria again! This is where Joe likes to be—where the action is. As he enters the crowded room, he is almost immediately accosted. Marcia Zemowicz, concerned student, is at his throat, demanding "Joe! I'm tired of stiff toilet paper in the washrooms. It's practically cardboard! When is something going to be done about it?"

"Calm down, Marcia," Joe gently says. "I told you I'd call a meeting."

"When?"

"Don't sweat," Joe says. "I'll see what I can do."

As he excuses himself, he is again accosted—this time by the spicy aroma of a hot pizza. "AH!" Overcome by hunger, he trudges forward.

"Hey man!" calls a cool cat in mirrored sunglasses, strumming a guitar.

"Hey, Fitzy! Joe says, grabbing his hand. "What's happening?"

Jerry Fitzgerald, the Musician in Residence, briefly relates his latest concerts, given and attended. "You know what, man? 'Dynasty' was dynamite. What do you say we have them on campus real soon?"

"Sure," Joe replies. "I'll see what I can do."

He has only taken a few steps when Sidney Scoop appears at his side. "Excuse me, Joe," says the campus journalist, producing a pen and paper. "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions about...?"

Never one to refuse his name in the paper, Joe agrees. He answers as many questions as he is able to, and when he doesn't know the answers, he agrees to seek them out. "I'll see what I can do."

Absolutely famished, Joe runs for the food line. Two slick chicks walk by. "Hi, Joe," they giggle.

Hodyl





"I'll see what I can do," he murmurs, dashing past.

The girls look at each other, puzzled. "Strange," they comment, "but cute!"

Joe eats a hearty lunch—a whole pizza, large coke, fries, a slice of Hilda's "homemade" pie, and a candy bar from the machine. Despite his constantly monstrous appetite, Joe remains slim and healthy. His active pace, and membership on the tennis team contribute to his excellent physique. Still, Joe has been thinking about joining the karate club. *liiaa-yah!*

Joe goes to his early afternoon class. He enjoys his studies, his classmates, and the philosophy instructor. Towards the middle of the hour, though, things begin to drag. In a flash of brilliance, Joe shoots up his hand. "What about pre-marital sex?" he asks.

The question has next to nothing to do with the Renaissance philosophers they have been discussing, but the class wakes up and begins to toss around

ideas on the subject. By the end of the hour, everyone is bantering over the great moral question. Joe walks out of the room refreshed, smiling proudly.

Joe retires to the student government office to "see what he can do". He organizes his thoughts, then, in a spurt of energy, runs from office to office, from administrator to administrator, making and keeping appointments, talking, requesting, getting things done.

He gets stories and photos for the campus newspaper and drops them off in the journalism room stopping momentarily to observe the material on the bulletin board and wall. As he does, he wonders what kind of loonies are representing the school, but supposes their antics and creative personalities can not be helped or tampered with.

Next, he goes to the music department, where jazz-types are bee bopping and finer snapping through the halls. Stopping a few of these, he mentions how great it would be to have 'Dynasty' on campus. This is met with

NEED MONEY? BY JEFF SCHMI

Many students attend Broward Community College at practically no expense to themselves. There are more students who are going to school now and paying for it after they've earned a degree or quit school. What do these people know that you don't? Most of them took a few minutes to find out about student financial aid programs and sent in an application.

Before explaining a few of the best programs, it is important to understand that most of the financial aid programs are based on need. Now that doesn't mean you have to be dirt poor with holes in all your jeans and no shoes to wear. Chances are, if you feel you need financial aid you're probably eligible for one program or another. In almost all cases it is necessary to fill out some sort of financial statement asking about your family income and the school you plan to attend.

Both State and Federal governments sponsor student financial aid programs. The basic application requirements for most State programs is being a U. S. citizen and a Florida resident for 12 months or 24 months depending on the program. The five main Federal programs require that you be a U.S. citizen enrolled in at least half-time study.

The most popular State program is the Florida Insured

Student Loan. Like all loans it must be repaid, but this loan has a low interest rate. The most you can borrow is \$2,500 per academic year. Payments are made directly to the state by monthly installments.

Another state program is the Florida Student Assistance Grant. You can apply for this grant if you've been a U.S. citizen or intend to become one, and if you've been a Florida resident for at least 2 years. Grants are awarded on the basis of need and don't have to be repaid. The student financial aid office has the necessary applications.

All other state financial aid programs are created for specific groups. For example, there are scholarships awarded to Seminole and Miccosukee Indians, to children of deceased or disabled veterans, to lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers, to permanently physically handicapped people and to the blind. Information is available at the student financial aid office or the Student Financial Aid, Department of Education, Tallahassee, Florida 32304. These agencies are eager to help and reply quickly to any inquiries.

The Federal government offers an extension financial aid program. There are grants, scholarships, and low interest loans available to needy students.

For example, there are two Federal grants you can apply

cascade of exclamations. A group gathers. Leading the faithful procession to the department head's office, Joe efficiently outlines the suggestion. Once this is done, Joe slips out, confident that the teacher will not be able to withstand the pleas of such enthusiastic students.

Finally, he returns to his own office. Sitting down at his desk, he pulls out a fresh piece of paper. Planting his elbows on either side, he begins to write: "The Next Meeting". He lists the topics to be discussed, among them Hilda's complaint and Marcia's toilet paper problem.

Joe emerges from the office, returning to the cafeteria. It is late, and there are only a few of the regulars left. Joe joins them in a few games of pool. Tiring of this diversion, he decides it is time to go home. The clock reads 3:50. Another Productive Day!

As he goes through the cafeteria door, he sees a sign for the Karate Club. Maybe I should join, Joe thinks. He takes a flying leap. Iiiia-yah! ●



for. One is the Basic Education Opportunity Grant. To find out if you are eligible for this educational gift, pick up and fill out an application. The amount awarded is based on the cost of school and is not to exceed \$1,400 yearly. Another Federal grant is the Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grant for students who need the grant to continue school. You must be enrolled in at least half the number of hours a full time student carries at a participating school that will provide assistance equal to the amount the government grant awards. If you're awarded this grant, it can be no more than \$1,500 per year or \$4,000 for a four year course.

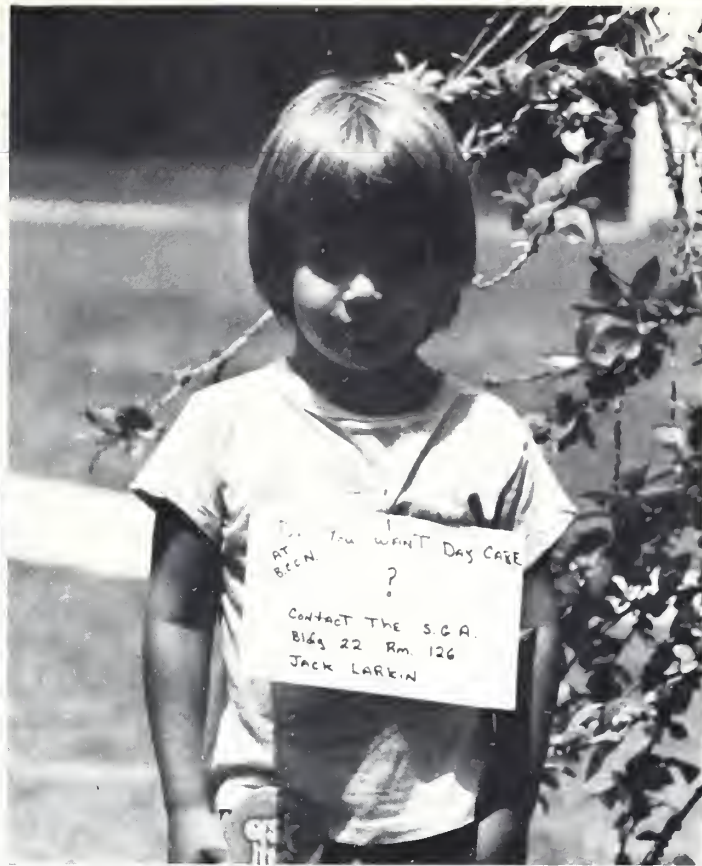
The Federal government also sponsors two loan and one work study programs. The National Direct Student Loan is for students who need a loan to meet college expenses. If accepted, a person borrows up to \$5,000 after he has completed two years towards a bachelor's degree. However, if you're on a vocational program or haven't finished two years towards a bachelor degree, the most you can borrow is \$2,500. You don't have to repay the loan until 9 months after you graduate or leave school. Only 3% interest is charged on the unpaid balances during the repayment period. Even cancellation provisions are available for borrowers who go into certain fields of teaching or specified military duty. There is another type of Federal loan that lets you borrow

directly from loan institutions. This is called the Guaranteed Student Loan Program. The loan is insured by the Federal Government, guaranteed by a private non-profit agency or the state. Some students are eligible for Federal Interest Benefits wherein the Federal government will pay the interest until you begin repaying the loan principle. If the adjusted family income is less than \$15,000 you qualify for the interest benefits for loans up to \$2,000 per year. Finally, the College Work-Study Program gets jobs for students who have great financial need and who must earn some of their school expenses. The schools that participate in this program arrange jobs on or off campus with a non-profit agency. The type of job and number of hours are determined by the need for money, class schedule and academic progress.

There are many other Federal programs ranging from scholarships for people in the health profession to the junior G.I. Bill which gives veteran educational benefits to dependents whose parents died or were permanently disabled while in the armed forces.

The financial aid officer, who is on the 2nd floor of Building 8 will be glad to answer any question on eligibility requirements and how to apply. The few minutes it takes to find out could mean a lot in dollars and cents. ●





"Has anyone ever told you that you look EXACTLY like"

A Star is Born on B.C.C.'s North Campus. Some startling resemblances are lurking about our humble campus.



For example, over a hamburger in the Hospitality Center with strains of Barbra Streisand's "Evergreen" coming over the speakers I spoke to Barbara Gaier, striking look-alike for the famous personality.

Both curly haired Barbaras are of Jewish descent, hailing from New York. The B.C.C. student was first told that she resembled the talented star about two years ago.

"What did you say the first time somebody told you that you look like Barbra Streisand?" I asked.

"Would you do it to a Jewish girl?" Barbara characteristically replied.

"Did you think they were crazy?" I wanted to know.

"Heavens no!" Barbara exclaimed. "I'm crazier than they are."

What does Barbara think of her look-alike? "She makes me laugh. I'm not a devout fan but I do see her movies."

The other Barbara is a storehouse of talent. Does our Miss Gaier think about singing, acting and telling jokes?

"Well, I do it every day," she says, "but I haven't thought of it."

Does Barbara foresee a future for herself on stage and silver screen? No, her ambitions are not quite that high. "I want to be a toll taker," she claims, "or a meat packer."



photographs : Chris Hodyl

DOUBLE TAKE

Not all of the look-alikes on North Campus are as convinced about their resemblances to a famous person.

From the first day of my English 244 class, I was sure that the dark, disturbingly handsome stranger across the room was at least distantly related to Robert Redford; but when I mentioned the likeness to Jeff Schmidt, he seemed surprised.

"When was the first time you were told you look like Robert Redford?" I asked.

"From you, you were the first one," he replied, flashing that Redford type grin.

"I guess it's just a matter of opinion," he continued. "There are a lot of people that I think look like other people, but nobody agrees with me."

Jeff is a moderate Redford fan, having seen some of his movies. He has never seriously thought of an acting career for himself. "But," he laughed,



DIANE BAER and Y CHRIS HODYL



In the library, I found another long time look-alike, Lisa Koneski, alias Farrah-Fawcett Majors.

Lisa was told that she resembles one of "Charlie's Angels" about a year ago. She was surprised.

Like Farrah, Lisa has modeled. What does Lisa think of her look-alike? "She's pretty lucky to be where she is". One would have to agree.

They say a picture is worth a thousand words.

What do YOU think? ●



"I might reconsider now." Seriously, Jeff's plans are to go into magazine work.

Students are not the only people on North Campus to be afflicted with this malady. Mr. Bernard Switzer, a music teacher, has often been called Steve Allen's xerox copy.

Once, he was even mistaken for the famous comedian. In a supermarket, a lady followed him up and down the aisles. Finally, she tugged on his sleeve and asked, "Are you Steve Allen?"

These questions and comments began in the late 1950's. "I watched him faithfully on the Tonight Show," Mr. Switzer says. "I liked his crazy gimmicks and "Man on the Street" interviews. He made the Tonight Show what it is today".

"He's great. He's a marvelous performer and a marvelous musician." Mr. Switzer can really appreciate the talents of his look-alike, being an entertainer himself. For several years, he played trumpet with the Glenn Miller Band. He still performs today.

"I use comedy when I play professionally to warm up the audience," he says. "I play weddings, bar mitzvahs, supermarket openings and background music for riots and strikes."

It is clear that Switzer and Allen are alike in their humor as well as their physical appearance. "He even tells Steve Allen jokes," says one of his students. "I'm never surprised to hear the day's lesson wrapped up inside a comedy routine."

Another student expresses the effect of the similarity more strongly. "I love Steve Allen!" she enthuses. "One of these days, I'm going to walk into that classroom and passionately attack him!"

Having a famous face and a similar sense of humor, what more could a twin brother ask for? Sighs Mr. Switzer, "I wish I was making his money!"



DAREDEVIL!

by Javier Fernandez

It's hard to believe that one of the greatest daredevils in BCCN's history was scared of heights until he was 16 years old.

Yes, I'm talking about Javier Fernandez, who made BCCN history with his breath taking Kissimmee dive.

Little Javier was a land lover as a

kid. While other kids were building tree houses and sliding down bid slides, Javier would dig big holes in the dirt.

A few years later when he was old enough to take his sky diving lessons, little Javier would skip. When his mother would drop him off in the

airport he would sneak off into the woods and dig big holes in the dirt.

Javier Fernandez's daredevil days began by accident while he was vacationing in Nassau, he rented a motorcycle so that he could get around town. One his way to the beach an intoxicated taxi driver swerved and

knocked him off the road, down a 25-foot drop-off into a forrest going 35 m.p.h.

If you would've seen that motorcycle jump you could tell right off the Javier had a knack for daredevil stunts. All he was wearing during the crash was a bathing suit, a short-sleeve shirt, and a pair of sneakers. Even with the lack of safety devices Javier came out of the crash with only minor cuts and bruises. To stress the seriousness of the crash three trees with trunk a foot in diameter were knocked down and the motorcycle was shattered into seven pieces. Even after that Javier was still able to climb up the drop-off back to the road where the taxi was waiting.

After the crash Javier was asked, "How do you feel about the crash?" Javier responded, "I enjoyed those three seconds I was in the air more than I did the first 16 years of my life. It was me against those trees and I won't going to let them win, because losing is like death."

Even after that first stunt Javier was still not sure of whether he wanted to make daredevil his profession. He didn't attempt his next stunt until a year and a half later. And that was still kind of an accident.

Javier was snow skiing in Stowe, Vermont during the Christmas Holidays. Stowe is known for its steep, icy, narrow, dangerous runs. Professional skiers rate Stowe's runs the toughest in the world. A part of one of the runs at Stowe is called nose-dive. It is a quarter of a mile drop at a 45 degree angle. The toughest part about the run is that it is only about 15 feet wide; hardly enough room to stop when you're going 40 or 50 m.p.h. There is only a two foot railing on both sides to keep you from going off the side which is a 20 foot drop into pine trees. While going down the run Javier momentarily lost his balance and started veering to the right. He was heading directly for the fence but

instead of cutting back to the left he kept on going straight. He saw the fence approaching and he couldn't resist the temptation. He jumped over the fence and flew into the pine trees. When he hit the trees he flipped over and landed on his head. He broke both skies and bent bot his ski poles.

Again, unbelievably, by some kind of miracle, Javier avoided any major injury. He again suffered minor cuts and bruises. But after two stunts that anybody would be lucky just to come out of alive, Javier Fernandez's injury list totaled only two stitches.

It's hard to believe that a person can enjoy taking falls like that, but any daredevil will tell you that you'll never make it as a daredevil unless you love danger. Javier's ski stunt is what made up his mind that he wanted to be a daredevil.

"I'm not just going to be your average daredevil. I'm going to be different," says Javier. "The problem with today's daredevils is that they're too specific; Evel Knievel only uses motorcycles, one guy only uses cars, the other guy just uses rockets! It gets boring after a while. Every stunt that I'll do will be different. I'll never do the same kind of stunt twice. Another thing about my stunts is that I will never use any safety equipment and there will never be any question about whether I make the stunt or not because I never will. I will always crash. The object is to survive the crash."

It took Javier one year to prepare for his latest stunt. The unforgettable date was February 11, 1977. What made this stunt so great was that it wasn't just surviving the crash, it was getting out of the wreck, too. And that took split second timing.

The Kissimmee dive for those of you who haven't heard about it is the envy of all daredevils. It is almost the ultimate stunt; listen to this: There are four people in a Buick Electra. All the

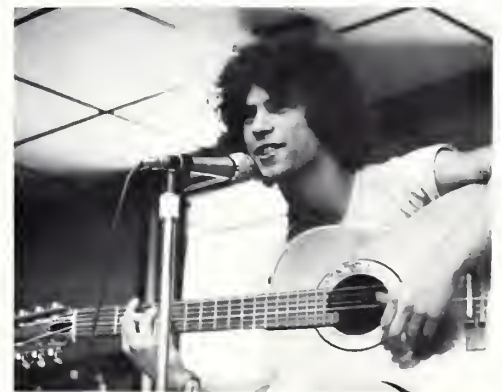
windows are closed (electric so that they won't open underwater) and the doors are locked. The car is going 80 m.p.h. and approaching the Kissimmee River. Right before the car gets to the bridge it runs off the road. The car goes airborne 58 feet over a seven-foot barbed wire fence. The car bounces once and goes airborne another 62 feet into the middle of the river. The car sinks 20 feet underwater and the four passengers have to escape through the broken front windshield.

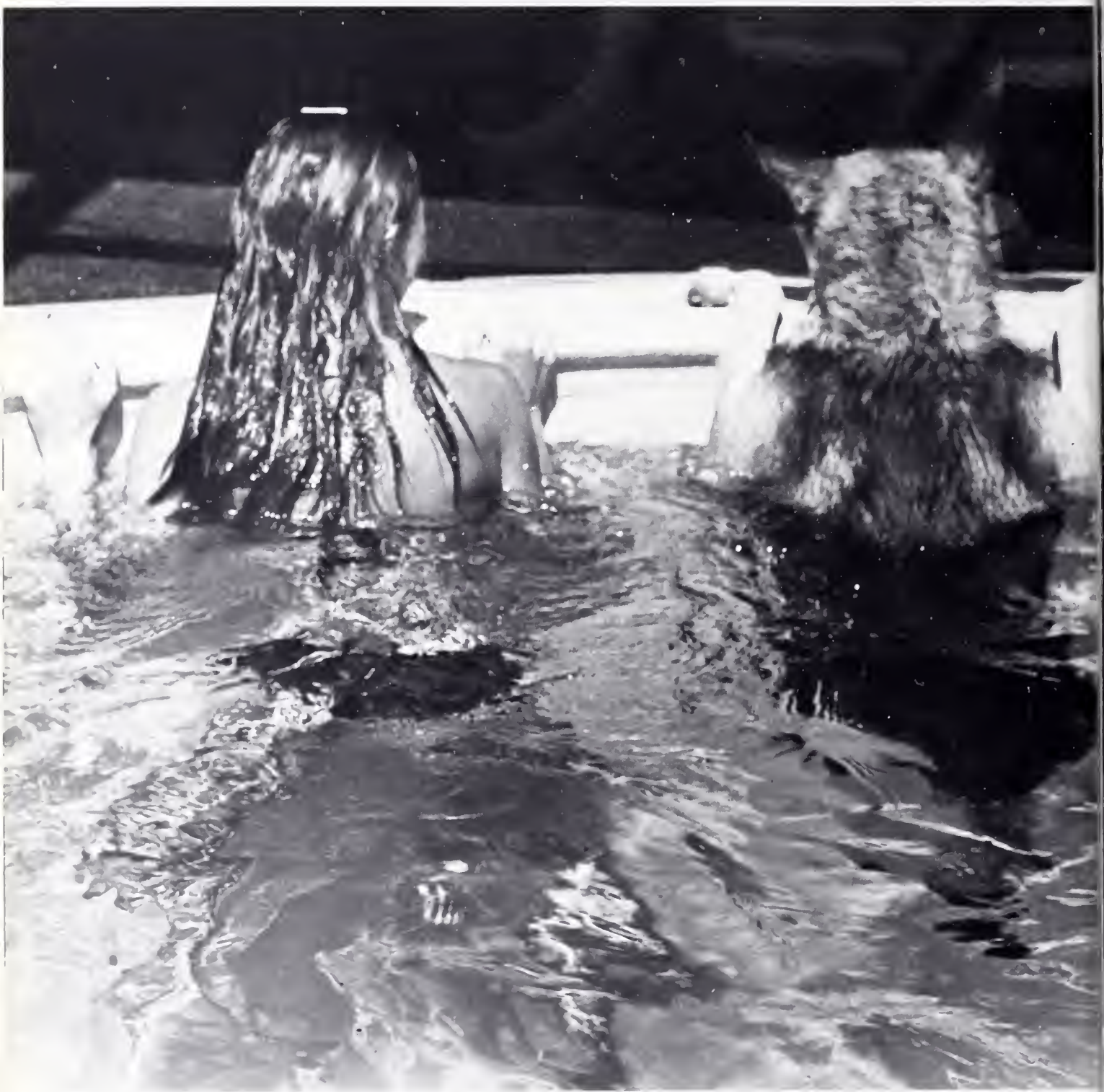
Again Javier escaped the stunt with no major injuries suffering no broken bones and only 15 stitches. Javier is already planning for his next stunt, which is scheduled for New Years Eve. The stunt will be similar to the Kissimmee dive but with a few modifications. For one, Javier will be the only one in the car. He will use a Honda Civic instead of the Buick Electra. The barbed wire fence will be electrified. And the river will be stocked with sharks.

After the Kissimmee dive Javier was asked, "Do you worry about getting killed in one of your stunts?" Javier replied, "This is how I see it. If you do it for fun, it's not that big a risk. Anyway, it's the only way to go." ●









RECYCLE

by Audrey Ford

She sits in the midst of a group of young people, all chatting, smiling, smoking, drinking coffee. Piles of books crowd the small wobbly table.

There she is, standing at a kitchen counter, drawing strange geometric shapes all over a large yellow pad, while talking on the phone.

Last night she was seen speeding down Sunrise Boulevard, trying to make the library before 9 p.m.

At six on Thursday morning she stood before the dryer in the garage, lips moving silently, eyes darting to a book propped on the shelf, folding jeans.

Who is this person? The school records show she has been exempted from gym because she is over 29. She is one of the increasing number of super-annuated students who attend Broward Community College, North Campus. Ladies and gentlemen, I am she.

For a time, when I first arrived on campus, I was aloof, reserved, lonely. It seemed as though everyone in the world was under 20, and I was the "mother". Much as I enjoyed the role in my private life, I sought to shun it here. But, how could I? Many of the students were friends of my daughters. They had always called me, "Mrs. Ford", and found it very difficult to call me by my first name, as all the other students did. Half of my teachers were ten or so years younger than I, it didn't seem to bother them, although I worried that it would. The mother in me just could not be put to rest.

Then I worried that I wouldn't be able to "hack it". Would I get the grades I had been accustomed to in my youth? Or was I too old to study, to grasp new concepts, to learn a foreign language?

My first exam, in Psychology, was a nightmare. I had studied for days, never missed a class, and yet when I awoke that morning, I was so nauseated, I was terror stricken. Was I pregnant again? Oh God, not that! After barking at my husband, screeching at my children, and giving the cat a gentle kick, I headed West. With God on my side, I made it without a ticket, and fell panting into my seat. When the teacher, a sweet young thing, passed out the test I looked at it in horror. It was written in Russian! Further perusal calmed my agitation. Actually, I could answer most of the questions easily.

And so it went. I passed two courses with flying colors, and gained the courage to sign up for three more. As time wore on, I realized that I felt quite comfortable with my classmates. It didn't seem to matter that for the most part, there was a difference in our ages. It has been, without a doubt, one of the most enlightening and enjoyable experiences of my life. I have met some wonderful people, a most interesting and varied group: an English teacher whose Georgia accent would put that of Billy Carter to shame, who loved to read the poems of T.S. Eliot aloud to us, (in a composition class). It blew the minds of the young Veterans who had never heard of old T.Y.; the mother of six who writes sad, funny poems and delightful short stories; a young black girl who composes some of the most sensitive poetry I have ever read; a semi-tough young Veteran who wants to have a job which requires that he wear a three piece suit; a mailman who loves geology. The list could be endless.

I have learned a great deal. Some

things I never needed to know, many I always wanted to know, and a few bits I never knew I didn't know. Is that clear? Not all of it is to me. I have also, like many before me, changed my major at least mentally, half a dozen times. Now I understand the pangs of indecision young people suffer. If I, at a certain age, cannot decide, how can a person of twenty project his desires ten years hence and see himself pursuing this or that career, happily?

I am seized by anxiety three times a week. Every magazine and newspaper article I read warns me away from first one, and then another career choice. There are too many teachers; 60,000 young people are studying Journalism; a Bachelor's degree is useless. Where do I fit in the picture? Am I too old to compete with the young in a crowded job market? Am I, or will I be good enough? How much does maturity count? Will a prospective employer give any weight to "life experience" as it is called by college advisors?

I persevere, if only out of panic. When I look around at other women who are bored; who fill the hours of their days with bridge and backbiting; who are more concerned with furnishing their homes than with furnishing their minds, I redouble my efforts. I will succeed, I will write, I will broaden my horizons. I will not vegetate in the stultifying Florida sun. I will do something to distinguish me from all the rest as me, not as Mrs. Somebody or Other, whose husband's success has put her where she is today.

So if you see one of us older students trudging across campus, smile back, and remember, we're all here for the same reasons, regardless of age. Bonne Chance! ●





AEROSOL: To Ban Or Not To Ban

It looks as if the companies that dispense their products in aerosol cans are going to "switch rather than fight." Last month, a helium-filled balloon, 50 times larger than the Good Year blimp, carried instruments to the stratosphere to measure the effect fluorocarbons (chlorofluorocarbons) have on the ozone blanket that covers the earth. Without this ozone mantle the earth would be unprotected from the sun's ultraviolet rays. The result would be the increase of skin cancer, damage to crops, and drastic weather changes.

In layman terms, the chemical believed to cause this reaction to sunlight is freon gas. This gas escapes into the atmosphere chemically combines with the strong ultraviolet rays of the sun, and breaks apart to become chlorine atoms. These atoms then destroy ozone in a repeating cycle.

Bug sprays, deodorants, perfume, and many other products are packaged in aerosol dispensers. Laws are now being introduced to ban fluorocarbon propellents. Oregon has already passed such a law. Certainly we can do without these conveniences and turn to other types of dispensers, but what if the ban should extend to air conditioners and refrigerators? The freon gas in them is contained and does not escape into the atmosphere, but should they, too, become effected by this ban? There is no substitute for freon known to scientists at this date. "So far 80 compounds have been surveyed and no substitute for fluorocarbons has been found," report chemists John W. Birks and Thomas J. Leak

from the University of Illinois.

Other recent studies conducted by The National Academy of Sciences caused some psychological blows. Johnson and Son now only use hydrocarbon propellents. Gillette Co., who previously sold in aerosol can dispensers now uses many other forms, probably the biggest loser is E.I. du Pont de Nemours and Company. Although the aerosol business only accounts for 1% of its sales, they report a 7 Billion annual sales figure, so its no small worry for them.

Only two years ago, atmospheric chemists planned to use large quantities of fluorocarbons as a means of monitoring atmospheric air currents. Three months ago, scientists at the University of California reported damaging effects from these tests. Scientists on both sides of the question must soon make up their minds. Environmentalists call the problem "of an immediate nature" and are recommending a federal ban on aerosol propellents to begin on January 1978. On the other hand, The Manufacture Chemists Association in Washington feels the calculations are "purely theoretical." R.A. Rasmussen of Washington State University asks the question, "Do you know the postmortems on most environmental 'threats' postulated during the 60's? After the emotions were turned down, it was clear just how uncertain the fears really are."

In the mean time, just to be safe, maybe we'd better "get off the can; get on the stick." ●

by Rhea Spellman



ographs : Sue Crowder





photographs : Laurie Crooks







An Introduction To The Mafia

by
Catherine
Scott

The word "Mafia" originally referred to two allied but different things; first an attitude, and then a group of men. But in the United States today it is better known as organized crime or America's largest business according to the estimates of the Department of Justice. This business is divided into major units, each of which is called a family. The ruler of the Family is known as the Capo, or "boss". Next in command is the sub-capo, or "underboss" and finally, there are caporegimes, or "lieutenants". Each lieutenant is in charge of a regime, or "crew". In the past all members of the Mafia were united by one common bond, the members were all Italian. The Mafia is governed by five rules, which are known as the "underworlds code" or more commonly known by the Mafia members as "Omerta".

The underworlds code include the following:

- 1.) Reciprocal aid in case of any need whatsoever.
- 2.) Absolute obedience to the chief.
- 3.) An offense received by one of the members to be considered an offense against all and avenged at any cost.
- 4.) No appeal to the state's authorities for justice.
- 5.) No revelation of the names of members or any secrets of the association.

The Mafia designates a specific form of criminality which arose in Sicily as a result of bad government during a long period of the Island's history, and more especially during the disorders that were consequences of the Napoleonic invasion of South Italy. The lawless conditions led the owners of large estates to place their lands in the charge of energetic ruffians

who exercised almost despotic powers over a terrorized peasantry. The contiguity of the estates enabled these men to form an organization which gradually became very extensive and powerful.

Thus, the Mafia established itself when these men joined in bands for a variety of lawless acts - revolutionary, patriotic, vindictive and criminal.

These bands, each with its own name, its own allegiances, its own leader, were all infected with the outlaw spirit, the temper of Mafia. Each of these bands had its own brand name such as Fratellanza, Amoroso, Stoppaglieri and Mala Vita, but the generic term to describe this vast body of "bad men" is Mafia.

After the fall of the local Bourdon monarchy in 1860, the Italian government endeavoured with varying success to rid Sicily of the Mafia, but in various provinces the police authorities continued to tolerate it.

In the United States, the Mafia is presently concentrated in certain portions of cities where the defects of socio-economic system are most evident and new recruits are drawn mainly from the ranks of the lower economic classes.

The underworld has its own standards, attitudes and public opinion. They have their own language, laws, and their own highly specialized modes of defense. These professional criminals have interurban, interstate and international connections. These connections also provide a complex study.

Such groups as bondsmen, doctors, businessmen, insurance companies and labor unions have had dealings with the Mafia. To illustrate, Arnold Rothstein, a wealthy, powerful gambler and race-trackman, acquired money from respectable banking institution, the National City Bank of New York, and loaned it to illicit drug dealers and rumrunners.

Also, the prominent James R. Hoffa, past-president of the Teamster Union, enlisted underworld support in his drive for delegates to the 1956 Teamsters convention. Hoffa worked eighteen hours a day for his union, settling grievances, building teamster membership over the \$2 million mark and negotiating even higher pay increases and fringe benefits. He also helped the underworld constituency by permitting gangsters to turn Kennedy Airport into a pillaging preserve. All over the country Hoffa paid debts to organized crime figures with Teamster pension-fund loans that often went unpaid.

When James R. Hoffa went to prison, instead of turning the pension-fund management over to an insurance company or bank as most unions do, he dictated that the Central States fund be run by trustees whom he controlled and that the fund go into the lending business. Mobsters in New York City were soon receiving millions in loans.

To implement Hoffa's requests, an underworld figure,

Allen Dorfman, was found to have the legitimate lending power equivalent to that of a major bank and with the knowledge of the teamsters president, he rubber-stamped many loans imprudently.

Within the jurisdiction of Dorfman's operation, a man by the name of Horvath applied for a \$1.5 million loan, he was already in default \$3.8 million and under indictment on a securities and exchange commission stock-swindling charge and his loan was granted. Dorfman also engineered loans for himself as well as partners and pals.

Also, some of the pension-fund money went into handouts. Mobster Anthony Spilotro received \$10,000 to buy a gift shop in as Los Angeles gambling hotel, while a \$33,000 house and a Bellanca airplane went to a man named De-Angeles.

In another incident, Louis C. Ostrer, a member of the Teamsters Union, pleaded guilty in 1969 to swindling a Canadian Insurance Company of \$338,000 and received a five year suspended sentence. While Ostrer was on probation, he was convicted on a Federal stock swindling charge which connected him with the New York Mafia. A New York County indictment further linked him to Mafia loan sharks and charged he had discussed the prospective killing of a delinquent borrower.

Next, Ostrer conceived a union-insurance scheme which he sold to New York Teamsters Local 295. Under this plan trucking employers paid \$40 a week per employee to buy individual insurance policies for union members and to build a severance pay fund. This insurance cost the severance fund \$1,238,274 because of administration fees and commissions but should have cost \$52,546. Seven states eventually adopted this plan.

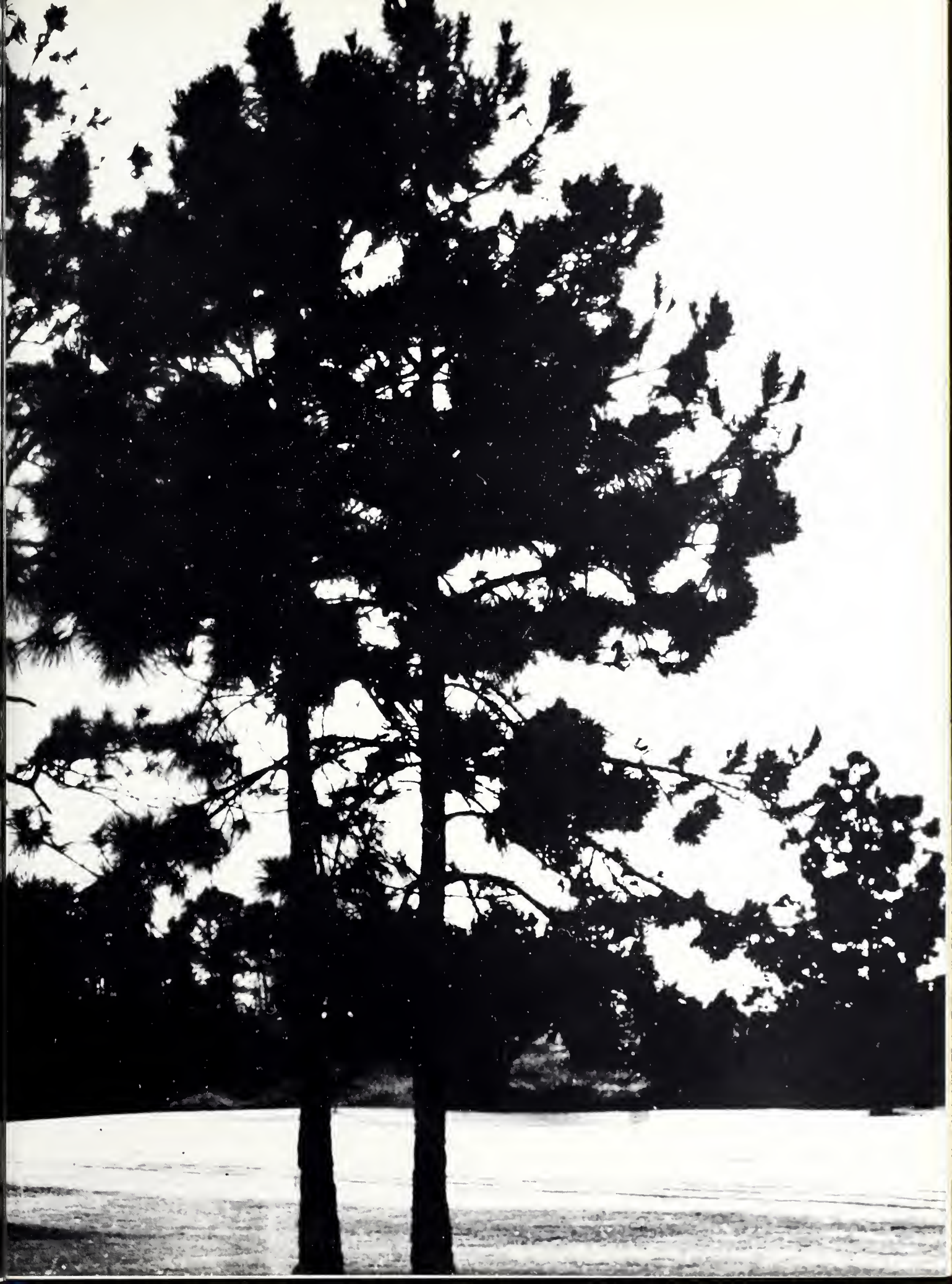
In another area, the American people have suffered a loss of approximately \$1 billion in Las Vegas gambling establishments. A large portion of this \$1 billion flows to overlords of organized crime financed by loans from the Teamster Union Pension Funds. Mafia leaders have received loans from the teamsters which have enable organized criminals to expand their Las Vegas operations until they are close to monopolizing all gambling in Las Vegas.

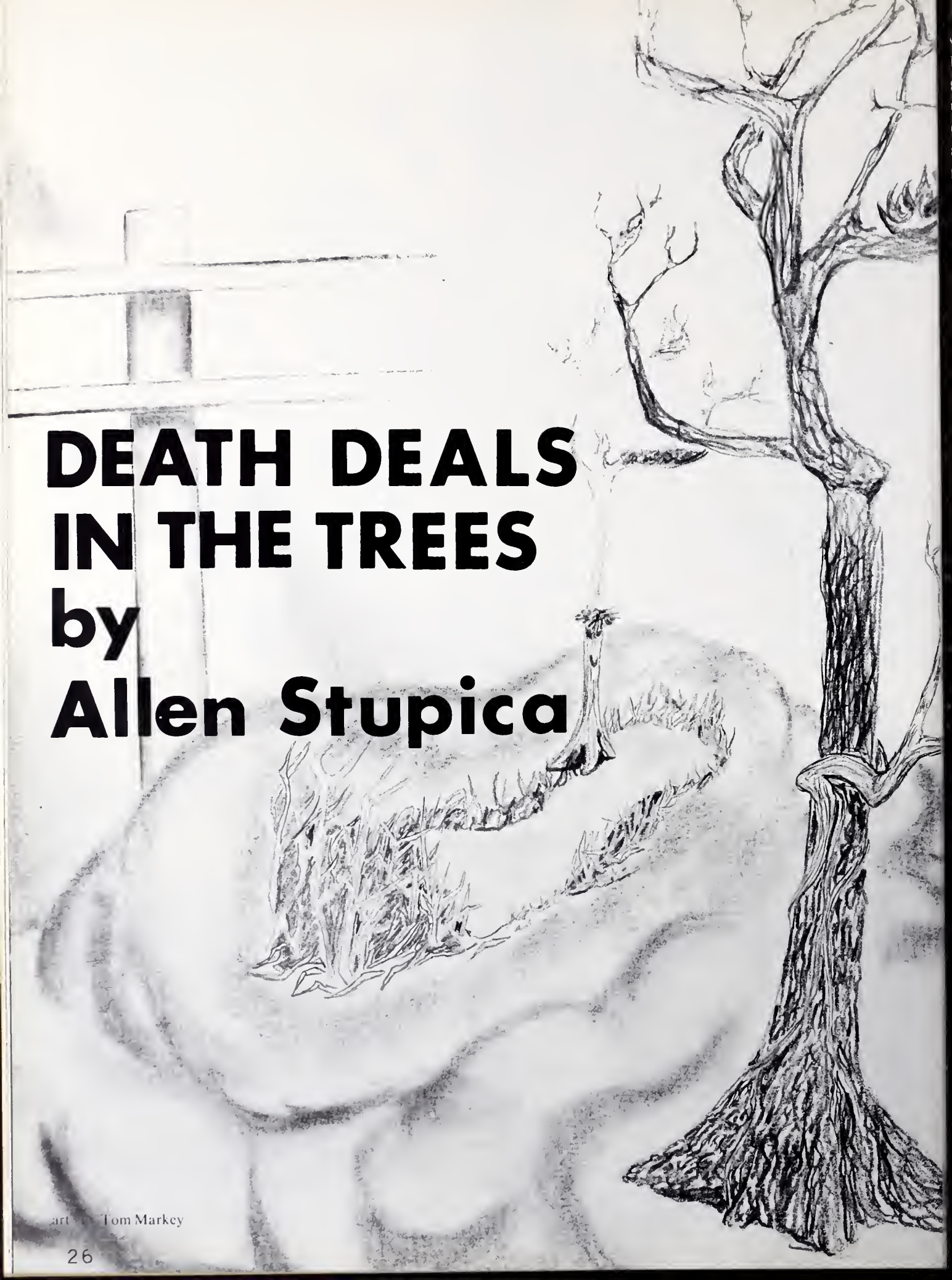
In addition to the gambling control, capitol is received from teamsters to finance loan sharking, dope and smuggling. How pension-fund money is invested raises moral as well as business questions. The underworld's back door to Las Vegas will be closed only when those who control the Teamster's Central States Pension Fund recognize a moral principle when they run into one.

In conclusion, the Mafia is America's largest business; therefore, it is important that more people become familiar with the organization, understand who participates in it, and find out how they expand their power and influence. ●



photograph : Laurie Crooks





DEATH DEALS IN THE TREES

by
Allen Stupica

The warm sun began to rise and settle its heat over the Vietnam jungle. The dense foliage held the heat to the ground. The tree-tops also suffered under the rising heat. In this green oven was an American G.I., stationed as a guard. He had fled to the tops of the trees to avoid the sweltering heat.

"This is really stupid. Here I am, a million miles from home, in a war that no one seems to care about, and now stuck in an ol' tree. Four more days of this lousy heat, and I hope nothing happens. Even the Cong are smart enough not to move in this heat."

The G.I. continued thinking. He was not exactly alone, as he was conscious of other G.I. guards positioned out of sight some sixty yards from either side of him. His thoughts, though, kept the fear from swelling up inside of him. The G.I. realized that this guard duty was necessary to keep the Cong from taking complete control of the area outside of U.S. outposts. It was a necessary evil.

The heat continued to rise, as did the sun. Movement in the jungle had stopped long ago except for the movement of the G.I. in his tree. Ever so often he changed his position for comfort. Sitting where a branch forks apart, the G.I. could see the ground below very clearly, but the branches and foliage made seeing difficult.

The sun was the only thing moving in this part of the world, as it approached its zenith. As the G.I. lazily watched the jungle, he thought of being relieved, in only four days, from the intense heat, and from the fear. The fear, unlike the sun, was always there. It was always there whispering in his soul.

Suddenly, a movement caught his eye. He turned his head toward the movement. All was silent.

"Why shouldn't everything be quiet?" he asked himself. "It's so hot."

"But something moved, something moved!" another part of himself countered.

He heard his heart beat heavily in his ears. He waited.

The movement appeared again, this time with sound. Vaguely, the G.I. could make out three men.

"What are my buddies doing?" thought the G.I. "Hold on, stupid, G.I.'s wouldn't tip off their position, or be here without me knowin' it! They would contact me first to tell me they were coming!"

The three drew nearer. The clothing could now be recognized, the sweat on their shirts could be seen, and the color of their skins could be noticed.

"My God, Cong!"

Fear reached up from the bottom of the G.I.'s soul, bringing with it the icy touch of death.

"It's Cong! What are they doing here?"

The G.I. turned to the radio that was with him. Sweating hands touched the dials.

"Will they hear me turn it on, and shoot me down? Should I wait, and see what they're up to?"

There was no answer, only the beating of his heart and the touch of death.

The G.I.'s hand stopped on the radio's dials. He waited and watched. He watched as the Cong scouted the immediate area. They checked every bush, and peered into every tree.

"Will they see me?"

As the three Cong congregated under the G.I.'s tree, they failed to look into this tree. The G.I.'s hand slipped from the radio to his M-1 rifle.

"Oh God, that they don't see me!"

The Cong began setting up the bulky equipment that they had. Silently they worked.

"Call for help," shouted the G.I. to himself. "But, how am I to know the channel the radio is on until I turn it on? I could end up broadcasting WLS to all of Vietnam!"

The Cong's work began taking shape!!

"A rocket launcher! Man, and I'm the only one here to do anything about it!"

Death is now imminent, as here it now begins to deal.

"Perhaps, maybe I could surprise them, and capture them!"

"Sure," he replied to himself, "and get your own self killed!"

He switched off the M-1 safety. He knew his duty. Perhaps there were more Cong out of sight who would be alerted by any gunfire, and he would become a target in a shooting gallery. He would at least warn other G.I.'s of enemy encounter.

"But, killing?"

He knew his morality. Dealing out death to someone he did not hate, or even know, did not agree with his moral character.

"Short, quick bursts ought to get them before they know what hit them."

"But, I'll be killing them."

He switched his M-1 to automatic. His mind was screaming at him, reliving all the moral lessons he had learned and applied to his life.

He checked his clip.

Shouts of death grew inside of him. Shouts of life followed. There was a great debate within him.

He raised his M-1 to his shoulder.

The debate within him raged into a storm.

He fired.

The bursts disturbed the silence of the jungle, but the quiet within him was more deafening. He looked down at the dead Cong sprawled over their equipment. His reflexes took control of his body as he readied himself for any return fire from the hidden Cong. Even as his portable radio squawked to life, he remained fixed, ready to deal out death.

Three G.I.'s rushed toward his tree. He turned to face them, and realized who they were before firing. His radio was answered, but by whom he knew not. He was escorted back to his outpost as a scout patrol went out into the jungle.

Confused, he was brought in front of his commanding officer for commendation days later. Here he was, being told his action was courageous and wise, but was it right? Was any of it right? ●



THE LEGAL MENACE OF THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

by
Ken
Collins

The low-caste gun is the "Saturday Night Special." It is the nigger, the white trash, the untouchable of gundom, and like its human counterpart, nothing can stamp it out. Although the phrase, "Saturday Night Special," originated in Detroit in the early 1960's following the importation of cheap handguns, .22's, .25's, and .32's from Toledo, Ohio, the cheap handgun has been manufactured in the United States or imported since 1900. The decade of the 1960's evidenced an increase in violent crimes in which the cheap handgun played a major role. This trend has not reflected any significant decrease in the past six years. During this period, 17,000 Americans were killed by firearms in a single year. Therefore, the firearm commonly referred to as the "Saturday Night Special" constitutes a legal menace to society. This menace evolves from a bizarre cause and effect relationship beginning with the manufacture and sale of cheap handguns and ending with the purchaser who abuses the "legal" right to possess a firearm.

Sherrill reports that the bottom line figure, the profit margin, was largely responsible for many of the old-line, respected companies producing the cheap handgun. The Pentagon came along and cut off contract negotiations and made gentlemen out of these companies. Perhaps Smith & Wesson could claim title to the "Saturday Night Special" when they produced their specialty, the .22 caliber revolver, of which 126,000 were sold in a ten-year period. Many other companies copied the weapon when the demand exceeded the supply. Many of the companies, at least fifty, peddled their wares by mail order. The shoddy weapons, some selling for sixty cents, were so inferior that the so-called respectable companies were ashamed to put their names on them. Instead, they stamped catchy, frivolous names on the barrel, "like Protector, Little All Right, Little Giant, Tramps Terror, and Bankers Pal."

Sherrill adds that these shoddy firearms following assembly line production were shipped to federally licensed small businesses in the nation who were permitted by the government to buy, sell, or trade in firearms and ammunition.

In an interview with Charles Bloom, it was reported that these dealers, although operating under Federal guidelines, very seldom had a license revoked for illegitimate sale due to the failure of inspection by the Federal agencies within a reasonable time following the sale of a firearm. Therefore, a convicted felon, a person under age, a mental patient, and almost anyone else, could purchase a weapon by using a fictitious name and address. If a discrepancy was noted, the appropriate agency did not have the time or manpower to conduct a thorough background investigation. The small businesses flourished and the sales of firearms increased.

The Editorial Staff of the American Rifleman confirms that the Federal government and some states have adopted an anti-gun attitude, especially with the "Saturday Night Special." During recent years, the House Judiciary Committee proposed a bill which would limit the handgun ownership to include only those handguns which could not be concealed. In March of 1976, the bill was narrowly defeated when the Committee was persuaded by the National Rifle Association Institute for Legislation Action to withdraw its approval of a measure that would have banned the manufacture and the sale of most handguns as "concealable." Rhode Island, Washington, D.C., and California have adopted legislative measures which restrict the sale and ownership of handguns, especially "Saturday Night Specials."

The staff adds that the National Rifle Association leadership has gone on record opposing any type of "Saturday Night Special" or other handgun bill which would restrict the manufacture and sale of handguns. The views of the NRA are shared by two black leaders from Detroit, Ulysess Boykin and General Laney, when they told White House Associate Council, Ken Lazarus, representing the President, the following

. . . That they and fellow blacks in Detroit regard such legislation as "racist" because it would deprive the poorer element of society of guns to defend themselves.

The menace of the "Saturday Night Special" is not restricted to the manufacture and sale. In his book, "The Saturday Night Special," Sherrill states:

The United States is said to be the greatest gun-toting nation in the world. It has the reputation of there being more murders committed in its boundaries than in all the countries of Europe combined, and most of these crimes are committed with guns. It is said that there is one murder committed in this country every forty minutes, and over nine thousand each year. . . . Seemingly, the pistol is one of the most popular play things in American today.

In conjunction with the criminal activity involving the "Saturday Night Special," Sherrill has researched the deadliness of the small caliber handgun. The lightweight, high velocity bullet characteristic of the "Saturday Night Special" has a special deadliness. Unlike the larger caliber bullet, the .22, .25, or .32 caliber bullets deflect easily because of their smallness and greater traveling velocity. Thus, the small caliber has been known to rip through the body, ricocheting off bones and inflicting far more serious damage than if the bullet had a clean entry/exit pattern. The small caliber weapon has a devastating effect on the human body

The velocity of the bullet tears through the intestines and ricochets over the bones. The waywardness of the small caliber bullets is another danger inherent in the "Saturday Night Special." They are more deadly than the well manufactured handgun because they do not expel the projectiles through the barrel in a true line. Following a few shots the rifling in the barrel is worn out and this, in effect, causes the slug to lose its spiral, creating what doctors call a "keyhole" wound - several perforations which are much more difficult to treat.

In line with Sherrill's comments regarding the deadliness of the small caliber, Sergeant Philip McCann, Broward County Sheriff's Department points out that:

If I get shot in the line of duty, I hope that it is with a .38 or .45. I have seen people shot with a "Saturday Night Special" and your chances of living are little as compared to a .38 or .45. I do not know if you have seen pictures of victims who have sustained wounds by these small caliber guns, but it does a hell of a job inside your abdomen hitting vital organs, mainly intestines, the colon and the kidneys.

A steady progression of abuse following the manufacture and sale, distribution, non-control of sales and the dangers inherent in the cheap handgun is revealed. Sherrill begins by stating:

Although America's record of gun abuse far exceeds that of any other country, there does not seem to be a built-in ceiling to our blood-thirstiness a ceiling that, in fact, for many years did not go up nearly as fast as the growth of the general population.

According to Sherrill, twenty thousand Americans are killed each year with guns. The homicide rate in the United States is thirty-five times that of England and Germany combined. In 1970 only three people were killed by guns in Tokyo. In New York City there were five hundred deaths.

In an article which appeared in the Times, Steven Brill authored a story verifying the abuse. He reported that the south has the weakest gun laws in the Country and highest percentage of murders with handguns. Also, of the fifty-three metropolitan areas with twelve or more homicides per 100,000 population, forty-three are in the south. A revolver selling for fifty dollars in Florida has been resold on the streets in New York City for a quick profit of one hundred dollars. This abuse of re-sale at a more than reasonable profit, has attributed to the two million guns on the streets of New York City.

Recently a study which was prepared by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (AFT), was reviewed by Miami Herald Reporter Carl Stepp, who gave the following account of his research. The study which began in 1973 and

covered sixteen cities, found that of more than 10,000 guns used in crimes, half of those that could be traced were so-called "Saturday Night Specials." About one-fourth were purchased in pawn shops, at a cost of less than fifty dollars. Stepp also remarked that according to AFT Director Rex Davis, "the study served to increase our knowledge of the criminal misuse of firearms, which is essential if our nation is to reverse the rising tide of gun crimes."

Several years ago the Senate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee staff developed a "gun murder profile" by using the Washington, D.C. biographies of a hundred and twenty-five defendants. The profile reflected a criminal history of ten years prior to his most recent charge of murder. Sixty-two percent of the gun murderers had a past record of crimes of violence. The majority of the victims were wives, friends, or relatives who were killed during a lovers' quarrel or a drunken brawl.

Sherrill also stated that the status symbol augmented the gun crimes' abuse. He reported that in Brooklyn in January 1973 four young blacks seized a sporting goods store and held the police at bay, in a gun battle for forty-eight hours. During one of the lulls they told a Muslim minister, "This is the end, this is glory, we'll go out in a hail of bullets."

In his book the "Saturday Night Special," Sherrill cites several cases where tragic incidents reflect the abuse by gun owners. Two of these incidents are

A mother is arguing with her nineteen year old son about his car. The son starts throwing bricks and stones at his mother. The mother gets out her .22 caliber German RG-23 revolver and fires several shots at him. He ducks, but his fourteen year old brother runs in front of him and caught a fatal slug in the neck.

A twenty year old Pittsburgh youth buys a twelve dollar gun, loads it with .22 caliber bullets. Then he tries to take the bullets out of the gun, finds they are stuck, tries to expel one of the cartridges by striking it with a hatchet. The bullet hits him in the head.

The record of gun abuse is further illustrated by Mike Lynch, Senior Aid with the Broward County Sheriff's Department. He proposes that, although gun abuse has been referred to in several ways, violent crimes of murder, aggravated assault and robbery are the crimes with which guns are most often associated. These crimes receive ample publicity and have been classified as the sensational crimes, the type people remember. Lynch substantiates his findings by citing statistics which were published by the Florida Department of Criminal Law Enforcement, "Crime in Florida - 1975." Lynch points out that there was a 5.1 percent increase over 1974 figures for crimes of violence. The report, according to Lynch, reflects 1,132 murders, of which

54.1 percent were committed with handguns; 33,510 aggravated assaults, of which 30.6 percent involved handguns; and 20,036 robberies, of which 60 percent involved handguns. The statistics also indicated that there was a murder every 7.7 hours, and aggravated assault every 15.7 minutes, and a robbery every 26.7 minutes in Florida.

In support of the comments offered by Mike Lynch, Broward County Commissioner Ken Jenne reported on a study he conducted regarding widespread abuse of handguns and their connection with violent crimes. Explaining his research, he declared that 132 state, local and Federal law enforcement officials were killed in the line of duty in 1974. All but four were killed with guns. Ninety-five were killed with handguns of the "Saturday Night Special" class. He adds that two-thirds of the murders in the United States in 1974 were committed with guns and ninety-two percent were handguns. Jenne also said "that there are more than 210 million guns in the United States and one handgun is sold every thirteen seconds. Every two minutes a crime is committed."

The comments offered by Lynch are also to some degree supported by Don Granger, Property Control Officer, Broward County Sheriff's Department. He revealed that during the first ten months of 1976, 1,170 handguns were confiscated by the Sheriff's Department. The highest percentage (700) were "Saturday Night Specials" which were used to commit a crime. He also added that 393 guns were inferior .22 calibers which were used in crimes of murder, aggravated assault, and robbery.

The proliferation of handguns and their continued use simplify and intensify violent crime. Therefore, what ambiguous ramifications of "legal" are wound up in the cycle of lawful and then criminal acts? Is it the attitude reflected by our peers? If so, perhaps the following comments which appeared in Sherrill's book "The Saturday Night Special" may have had some influence on the attitude which seems to prevail. Judge Charlie Meyers, of Tuscon, years ago evidenced a lack of concern. As an example he reports

A terror to evil-doers and an upright, conscientious administrator of justice, although he knew scarcely any law. Being afraid of assassination, he kept in his house after dark. One night in response to a terrible knocking, he roused, raised the little shutter from a hole he had cut in his front door, and demanded to know who is there.

"Me Judge"

"And who are you, mine frent?"

"Judge, I want to give myself up. I've just killed a man."

"Vot you keel him for?"

"He called me a liar en I -"

"Vare you keel him?"

"Down in George Foster's Quartz Rock Gambling Saloon."

"Vary goot mine frent, dat's all right," said the Judge soothingly. "Dat's all right. Go now unt keel unadder von."

The Judge's notion of justice and his balanced indifference to the loss of life did not affect the homicide rate. His remarks suggest that if the riddance of low life is not always exactly good, it is very often tolerable.

History repeats itself. Today the Judge would not be so candid. However, our criminal justice system reflects a degree of indifference when the hardcore criminal is allowed to return to society and repeat his acts of violence. It may be difficult to find a bright side to all this, but there seem to be flashes of hope for the future if our legislators continue to pursue the issue of gun control. Their main adversary will be the firearm companies who may suggest that the proposed methods for the government to achieve gun control are especially disturbing when some of the more challenging questions are examined. For example, can democracy exist if one can be denied a freedom because he might abuse it? Observe here, it is not that the individual has abused a freedom. We already have laws to take care of that. It is instead that he might do so and, in regards to gun control, there seems to be some persuasion that if an individual merely possesses the means for abusing a freedom, the law must deal with that. The remedy or any appropriate penalty, in any event, must be after the commission of an offense if the presumption of innocence is to be preserved.

Doubtless there is some connection between the rise in crime and the increase in gun sales, but to what extent the teetering mound of new arms causes crime continues to be a major concern to law enforcement officials and legislators.

We already have adequate laws against robbery, mugging, stealing, rape and murder. We already have fine and well supported police organizations, and the record shows that they do an adequate job of arresting those who commit crimes. However, we are in a sad condition in this country when our failure to cope with crime is met with a cry for more laws. This is one of the essential reasons why the issue of gun control does such a disservice to the cause of substantive law enforcement. Until the questions of abuse of sales and of abuse by owners cited herein are resolved and without violating due process, the "Saturday Night Special" will continue to be a legal menace to society, through the manufacture and sale of cheap handguns and subsequent abuse by the possessors. ●





photographs : Mike Roberts







SPOTTING VISITORS

"Are you visiting here?" It seems that everyone who has ever been on vacation has been asked that question. Some people just answer the question, but others wonder how the person knew that they actually were visiting. Whether they know it or not, vacationers give many clues to the fact that they are tourists. With a little trouble these clues can be identified and analyzed to show that it is easy spotting tourists by observing their clothing, activities, and transportation.

One of the most obvious characteristics of a tourist is his clothing. For example, a good Florida tourist wears a white tee-shirt with a picture on the back of either a smiling orange wearing sunglasses or a palm tree surrounded by girls in grass skirts. He also has on a pair of plaid Bermuda shorts, white socks, and sandals. If it is a family group, the children regardless of age, are dressed just like their parents. Another thing a tourist wears is plenty of photography equipment. Around his neck he hangs his cameras, a light meter or two, bags full of film, and a small pen and pad so he can write down all of the facts about the picture he just took. (The pad and pen are important because it is embarrassing to get home and not know what city the shot of the statue and Billy was taken in.) If the tourist is taking movies, then it seems that he carries everything except the movie screen. Furthermore, his children who are all dressed alike

hold their own Instamatics. No matter how hard they try not to, tourists always end up dressing like tourists.

Not quite as obvious as clothing but just as important to tourist spotting, is vacationer activities. The most typical activity is to attend places with names like Monkey Villa, Parrot Gardens, Marine World, or Seminole City. These are the places where the cameras really start clicking because picture-taking is a very important tourist requirement. Typical tourist photo activities are: Parents take picture of children posing with real Indian chief; children taking picture of parents posing with real Indian chief; real Indian chief taking picture of parents and children holding coconuts. Furthermore, the dressed-alike children with their identical cameras stand next to each other and take similar pictures of the same subject. Another favorite tourist activity is going to the beach. It is almost guaranteed that within minutes of their arrival at the beach, one member of the group holds a large seashell to his ear while telling everybody to shut up for minute. In addition, they probably end up getting very sunburned on one side only. Even though they do not realize it, tourists always identify themselves by the activities with which they occupy their time.

Another aspect of tourist spotting lies in the identification of tourist

vehicles. A quick look at the cars around tells if any tourists are near, even if nobody is in sight! The most basic clues are an out-of-state license plate or a camper trailer. Other clues are an overflowing roof rack, snow tires, Georgia mud splattered on the fender, a love-bug covered grill and a "See Rock City" bumper sticker. However, there are many other indications that a closer look reveals. The average tourist parks his car or station wagon in front of a small building which advertises such things as "We Ship Citrus", "Live Alligators", and "Last Chance for Gas". If the car is parked at one of these stores, it leads one to examine its contents. There usually are maps and candy bar wrappers in the front seat, and pillows, sleeping bags, and souvenirs in the back seat. These souvenirs probably include a monkey head carved out of a coconut, a few postcards of palm trees on the beach, and maybe an inflatable flamingo or porpoise. Tourist vehicles can be identified easily with only a few of these observations.

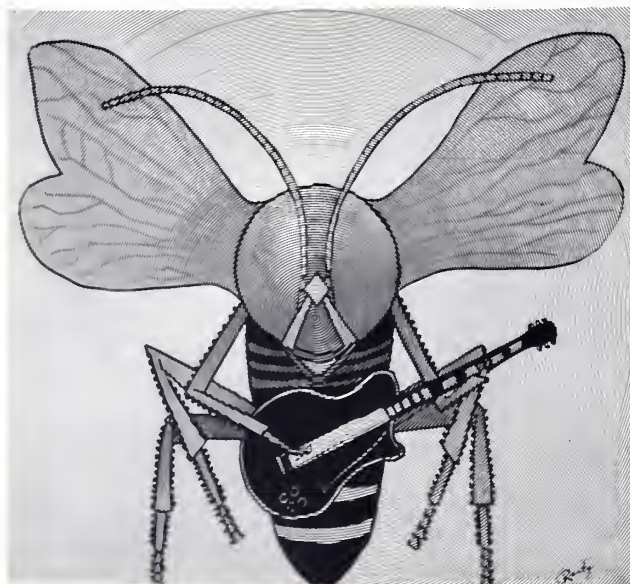
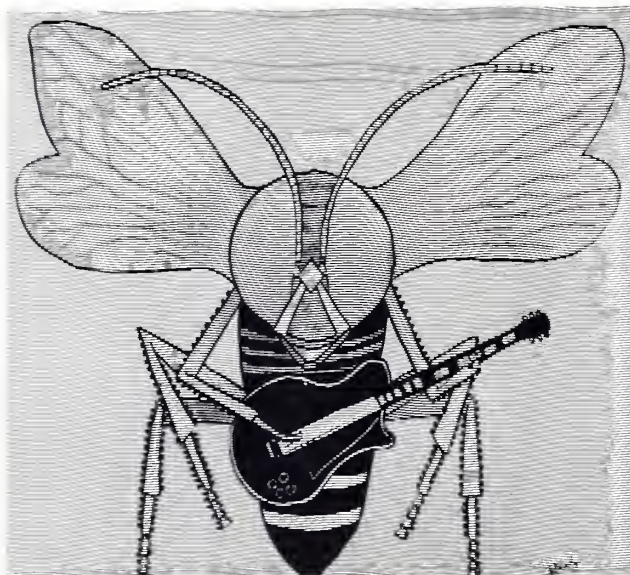
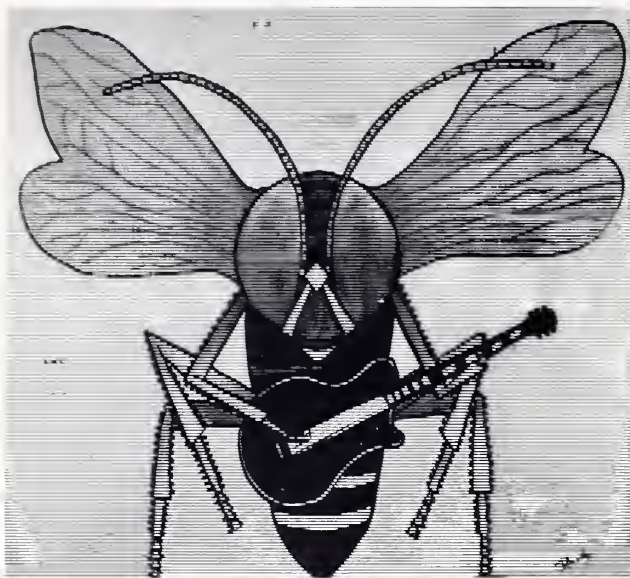
Many people are finding more time to go on vacations these days because everyone is trying to "get away from it all". Since a Floridian is either a tourist or a non-tourist, a useful means of spotting the tourist can be handy. By using these ideas and methods the non-tourist easily spots the tourist. With practise residents master this game. ●

by Doug Dietrich



ograph : Mike Roberts

BRAZIL BEES: To Worry



art : Randy Guekert

A lot of ideas and theories have been buzzing around lately concerning the "killer bees" of Brazil. Many magazine and newspaper articles have been written stirring speculation and even fear among the populations of North and Central America. Even television has gotten into the act by presenting various documentaries and at least one fictional drama, entitled "Savage Bees." By taking a look at how the problem started and what is happening now, the concerned people of this country may be able to draw conclusions about what to expect when, and if, the bees reach the United States.

The story began centuries ago in Asia, Europe, and Africa. As honeybees migrated west from Asia, they met different fates. The milder climates of southern Europe, and, later, man's beekeeping activities, created many gentle species. But the bees that wandered south into Africa were forced to deal with a much harsher climate. The environment was extremely hot and dry, and the bees remained nomads, migrating often, following the flowers and nesting anywhere in the jungle, such as hollow trees or crevices in logs.

Evolving into a nervous, early-provoked race, they also adapted to the harsh environment by gaining the capability to reproduce rapidly in large numbers. In addition, they possessed the ability to communicate alarm throughout the colony by secreting pheromones, or chemical hormones. The odor of these hormones was picked up by the other members of the hive and could trigger an explosive response of bees attacking by the hundreds. Natural predators and even man were drawn to their honey; consequently, only the most unapproachable colonies survived.

Today, the venom of their stingers is no more potent than the venom of the gentler strains, but the mass attacks are extremely dangerous to anyone or anything unable to outrun them because a few hundred stings of any bee is enough to kill a human.

In contrast to aggressiveness, they have the ability to produce up to 50% more honey than their northern sisters. They get up and go to work earlier in the morning, work harder all day, and stay on the job later in the evening.

It was this factor that caused a University of Sao Paulo geneticist, Dr. Warwick Estevam Kerr, when asked by the Brazilian government to try to find a way to increase the output of honey by Brazil's bees, to import forty-eight African queens into the country in 1957. It was Kerr's hope to crossbreed the Africans with the local bees, originally imported from Europe, and come up with a "Super Bee" one that would have the fantastic honey producing abilities of the Africans and the gentle temperament of the Europeans.

Aware of the fierceness of the Africans, Kerr took every

Dr Not To Worry

BY JO ANN GAYDOS

precaution to prevent their escape. He advised special grids to be placed over the openings of the hives. These were constructed with bars far enough apart to allow the workers to come and go, but restrained the larger queens and drones within the hives, thus preventing them from leaving with swarms of workers and establishing new colonies of their own.

But Kerr hadn't planned on the fallibility of man, for a visiting beekeeper, unaware of the dangers, mistakenly removed the protective grids, and twenty-six queens escaped with their swarms before Kerr learned of the accident.

As the aggressive Africans spread out, their hybrid drones bred with the local European queens, outflying and outcompeting the European drones. The new colonies grew fast and began robbing local hives, killing their inhabitants, and moving in. Many people who owned hives built close to their homes began to find their bees turning vicious, stinging children and killing livestock. As time went on, several beekeepers were forced out of business and bees began terrorizing towns, forcing residents indoors.

The easily provoked bees, with their high rates of reproduction and nomadic traits, began migrating in all possible directions. They moved about two hundred miles a year. The colonies which moved into the hot, dry northern regions were able to adapt easily to the climate. There were areas where honeybees were virtually unknown until the African hybrids moved in. They continued their attacks and have been reported to have killed one hundred fifty people to date, not to mention countless livestock and other animals.

Oddly enough, the new bee brought northern Brazil one of the most primitive forms of livelihood. A number of peasants living in grim poverty endure the dangers of harvesting the wild honey to earn the \$100 or so a year that they receive to supplement their meager incomes by a great deal. Often these wild-honey hunters begin their day by drinking alcohol. They allege it counteracts the effects of the forty or more daily stings they receive while going after a colony.

In addition, the beekeepers in the south are back in business. Constant interbreeding with the gentle European bees has reduced some of the fierceness of the newer hives, and the new hybrids still produce large quantities of honey. These people also find it profitable to endure a few extra stings and expense as they buy an extra pair of pants and other protective equipment.

In connection with the aggressive hybrids' trek northward eventually into the United States, have come many varying opinions. "The bees are moving slowly now because the heavy rains and dense forests of the Guiana region create poor conditions for forage," said Dr. Orly Tayler, an

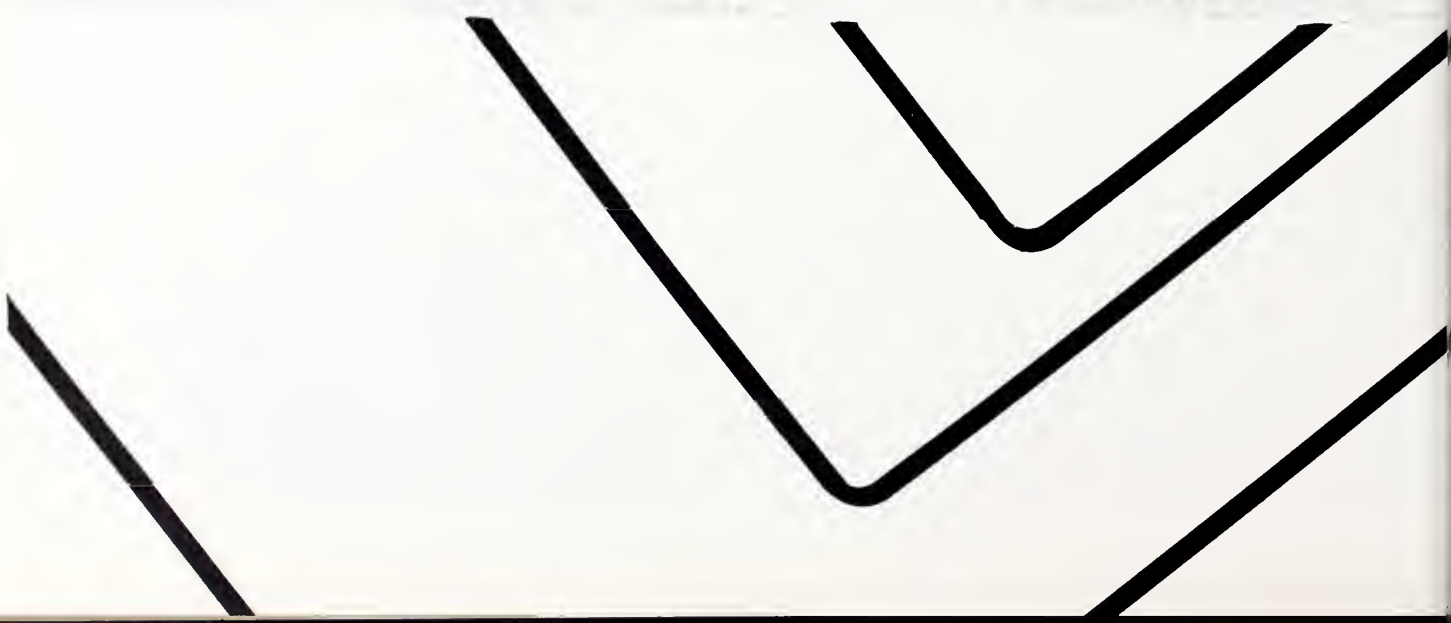
entomologist with the University of Kansas, in an interview with *National Geographic*, January, 1976. "But," he added, "within two years they should reach the more hospitable terrain of Venezuela. I think they will build up large populations there and move rapidly, reaching Panama in about seven years. Then, it will probably be clear sailing through Mexico."

The best current estimates of their arrival in the United States by entomologists keeping a close eye on the hybrids is defined as the early 1990's. Some experts feel that unforeseeable barriers, such as unexpected predators of disease, could slow down their march. Many others believe the large European bee industry in Mexico will tone down the hybrids genetically, diluting their fierceness, as happened in southern Brazil.

On the other hand, the possibility of some misguided hobbyist smuggling a few of the bees into the United States could bring them here much sooner. Nor can anyone discount the feasibility of a colony stowing away on a merchant ship bound for U.S. shores or hitchhiking on a truck enroute from Mexico. In fact, they may already be here.

In addition, the speculation about what will happen when they get here has caused a good deal of talk among those involved in studying their habits. To simply wipe them out with pesticides would be disastrous because of the effect on our native pollinating helpers. And even though the African hybrids work in much cooler temperatures than their gentler sisters, they are not able to cope with hard northern winters. European bees cluster into a ball during the winter months and, by constant movement, keep their temperature at 96° F., thus surviving the extreme cold. The inability of the Africans to winter-over will confine their natural spread to warmer regions. This would cause beekeepers who raise bees for shipment every spring to agricultural areas in the north and Canada to go out of business because few northerners will order aggressive bees that cannot survive the winter. Moreover, the migratory nature and excessive swarming of the nervous Africans keep colonies small. Beekeepers might have trouble containing sufficiently large-sized hives, and deserting swarms would create more wild colonies, thus more stinging incidents.

In summing up, most of these problems are only guess work. Some scientists believe there's nothing to worry about because Mother Nature will intervene to somehow thwart the bees' advance. On the other hand, Dr. Norman Gary, of the University of California at Davis, presented another thought to ponder when he said, "We don't understand aggression in our own species. How much less we know about it in this little insect!" ●



How To Raise Wild Baby Birds

BY CAROLYN DEL VECCHIO

Carolyn A. Del Vecchio is an active volunteer for the Wild Bird Centers in Broward and Palm Beach Counties. Her work included transporting injured and wild birds to sanctuaries, raising baby birds and making location calls on behalf of the center to pick up birds and animals in trouble.

She has also erected a wild bird transition feeding platform on 200 acres of protected land. Here, she feeds birds of prey until they can fend for themselves.

Following is an outline of instructions submitted by Del Vecchio for people who would like to raise a bird successfully, or for those who have tried unsuccessfully, no matter how well intentioned they were.

Whenever possible, restore very young baby birds to their nests. The nest is usually directly overhead. If a nest blows down, make an improvised nest out of a sifter, small tomato basket, etc. and fasten it securely to the same tree. Fill it with dried grass. In the case of a grounded fledgling, (an older bird with feathers and small tail), they should not be picked up until you are absolutely certain that it is being threatened or in danger. The parents are usually nearby and are feeding it as it stays on the ground until it can learn to fly. Watch it very carefully and make your decision.

If it becomes necessary to raise baby birds, keep them in an empty, crumpled-tissue-lined Kleenex box with a soft cloth draped across the top. The temperature should be around 80°. Baby birds must be properly identified to determine the proper diet; otherwise you could kill them. There are insect eaters and seed eaters; some combining both in their diets. The Mocking Bird, Robin, Blue Jay and most local birds, except Doves and Pigeons are insect eaters. The Sparrow and Cardinal combine both. Pigeons and Doves exist exclusively on seeds and gravel - only being fed four times daily.

Insect eaters must be fed every half hour during a 12-hour period, (24-feedings) until they are fully feathered (open feathers, not quills), thereafter, hourly, with a minimum of 12 times daily.

DIET FOR INSECT-EATING WILD BIRDS

1. Eggmix:

- 1 tbspn hardboiled egg yolk, seived or mashed very fine
- 1 tbspn toasted fine bread crumbs (unseasoned)
- 1 tbspn high-protein baby cereal (dry)
- 3 tbspn wheat germ cereal (unsweetened)
- 4 drops concentrated baby or pet vitamins

Mix ingredients dry, then slowly add water to a consistency of stiff mashed potatoes. Wrap daily portions (about 1 rounded tbspn per bird) in wax paper. Keep in the freezer and take out portions as you need them. If that is eaten up before the day's feeding, thaw more and feed the bird again. Do not limit food.

2. Fruit:

$\frac{1}{8}$ Mash fruit as you use it. Use four different fruits daily. Almost all fruits are acceptable except citrus fruits or melons (they cause diarrhea). Water is not necessary as fruit provides all the moisture a baby bird needs until it can drink for itself. When this happens a bird-cup of water can be placed in the cage. Never place water in a bird's mouth - you can drown it. (Do not use eye-droppers) Fruit is sufficient.

3. Meat:

Lean raw ground beef is best. This could be stew beef, ground round or sirloin. Chuck has too much fat in it - which causes feathers to fall out. Again, wrap daily portions consisting of 1 rounded tbspn. in waxed paper and freeze. Take out as needed. Do not limit food.

Note: If possible, also feed live mealworms, first pinching head with tweezers to kill it, or insects from outside.

Alternate bites of meat, fruit, eggmix and then fruit again, until the bird is full should be given. This will keep a baby bird healthy and growing. Each time you give a fruit to the bird, use a different fruit - until it has had a variety of four fruits in the feeding. The total daily diet should include $\frac{1}{3}$ eggmix, $\frac{1}{3}$ fruit and $\frac{1}{3}$ meat.

Place food far back into the throat. Do not use anything but your fingers or a wooden eutiele pusher as a spoon otherwise; you can damage the throat. If you have to open the beak, which is not common, use care as the beak is soft and can be damaged in alignment. Open it in an up-and-

down angle, never side-to-side. Be very gentle, later, it will open its beak willingly.

DIET FOR SEED EATERS

Seed eaters are simpler: They are fed only four times daily, twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon. Each bird eats approximately 1 tbspn of wild bird seed (or Budgie seed) and 1 tbspn of washed bird gravel per day. Give alternate pinches of gravel and seed, putting a few droplets of water on your finger for it to swallow. A small shallow dish of water and gravel and seed dishes could soon be added to the cage for they are fast learners. They are born peckers. Cover the cage at night.

When birds are fully feathered, put them in a cage with two perches. In the case of insect eaters, place a piece of orange on the floor of the cage, plus a small dish of parakeet grit to encourage it to start picking up food. When it starts, place some bite-sized pieces of fruit in a dish also. When can eat by itself, add some meat and eggmix. You can also leave a small bird-cup of water. When you see that the bird is eating by itself, start cutting down on hand-feedings. When its completely self-reliant, cut out all hand-feeding, making sure to change food every two hours if not eaten; otherwise, it will spoil. Change the bottom cage paper when it gets dirty to avoid fungus.

Start to wean bird by keeping it where it does not see people or animals. Don't talk to it. This allows it to develop fear and self-reliance, which is essential to its survival. Each night, cover the cage completely with a soft cloth. In the daytime, cover the front of the cage with a cloth clipped to the top of the cage with a clothespin so that it cannot see anyone if they have to enter the room.

In my case, after I have raised a bird, I return it to the Ft. Lauderdale Bird Center. There, it is caged with twenty birds of the same variety. They stay together for several weeks, learning from one another and grow as a family. When they are released, they are a flock. In unity there is safety and strength.

If you have any additional questions about raising a baby bird, or an injured bird, telephone: 524-4302, Mon-Fri. 8:30-4:30, Sat-Sun. 9-3. Ask for the Wild Bird Center.

Raising a baby bird, or caring for an injured bird, is a very heartwarming and loving experience. One you will always remember and cherish. ●





art : Don Syver

MY HERO, ISAAC ASIMOV

Isaac Asimov has been a hero to me, ever since high school, when a broadminded teacher "made" us read Asimov's most acclaimed story, "Nightfall." This story had such an impact that I've been reading science fiction- and Asimov in particular- ever since. In the past thirteen years I have collected over thirty of his books (that's just one-fifth of his total number.) Every time I read one, I wonder, "How does he do it? He can take incredibly complex ideas and reduce them to such simple terms anyone can understand them." It's this ability to communicate that makes him a hero to me. Where did my hero come from?

Asimov was born in Petrovichi, Russia on January 2, 1920, of Jewish parents. He was brought to the United States in 1923, and became a naturalized citizen five years later. At the age of nine he read his first science fiction story, Harl

Vincent's, "Barton's Island," in the Aug. 1929 issue of *Amazing Stories*.

Asimov is frequently asked to provide a brief biographical resume with each of his books for publication. He has adopted a standard for this purpose that is succinct, to say the least.

"I decided to get a PhD in chemistry, so I did.

I decided to get married to a particular girl, so I did.

I decided to have two children, a boy and a girl, so I did.

I decided to write stories, so I did; then I decided to write novels, so I did; then I decided to write books on science, so I did.

Finally, I decided to be a full time writer, so I became one."

There are a few discrepancies in this "short" biography, however. Asimov couldn't afford to become a full time

by Henry A. Ford

writer until after many years of teaching, writing short stories, and completing his education. Asimov has been writing articles on science, almost exclusively, since the late fifties. He does so with the spirit of a marine at Guadalcanal. He has explained this by saying, "In the fall of 1957, when Sputnik I went up, I began brooding about the overwhelming importance of science popularization. . . The American public deserved understanding of science. . . it was the burning duty of writing scientists to try to give them that understanding."

Finding out that your hero has "heroic" motives can only help increase respect for him, as a man, but how about as a writer? The only way to understand a great writer is to analyse his writing. How much do we have to read to do this? Not much, perhaps, since the first work should show what basic skills a writer begins with. (An analogy to this would be to judge the Wright brothers' engineering ability by examining their first bicycle.) For this purpose we shall review, "Marooned Off Vesta," Asimov's first published work, and first.

Isaac Asimov has written more than 150 books, both fiction and non-fiction. The elements that have made him a "great" writer—as well as the flaws common to a beginner—are to be found in his first story.

In order to better understand the objectives of a science fiction story such as this one, perhaps a definition of science fiction in general would be helpful.

"Within the field itself, there's wide agreement on the following rule by Theodore Sturgeon: "a good science fiction story is a story with a human problem, and a human solution, which would not have happened without the science content." Asimov's own definition is very similar to Mr. Sturgeon's "Science fiction is that branch of literature which is concerned with the impact of scientific advance upon human beings." In fact Asimov goes even further in defense of his medium:

"There is a tendency for many people who don't know any better to classify science fiction as just one more member of the group of specialized literatures that include mysteries, westerns, sport stories, love stories, and so on.

This has always seemed odd to those who know science fiction well, for S-F is a literary response to scientific change, and that response can run the gamut of human experience. Science fiction, in other words includes everything."

Asimov is sincere in his love for science fiction. He is even

willing to offer the lessons of his own hard experience to the novice writer. His list of six things to avoid in writing science fiction is the best advice for a beginning S-F writer. They are: "1) Don't waste time waiting for a completely new idea. 2) Don't make your story an essay. 3) Don't be unfair to the reader. 4) Don't be inconsistent. 5) Don't contradict a known scientific fact. 6) Don't play with clichés."

"On October 21, 1938, when I was eighteen, I made my first professional sale—a 6400 word short story, entitled "Marooned Off Vesta," for which I received \$64.00. The price of one cent a word was what I commanded in those days and sometimes I commanded even less. The story appeared in the March, 1939, issue of *Amazing Stories*, an issue which was on sale in January of that year, just a couple of weeks after my nineteenth birthday."

Although Dr. Asimov tends to look upon this first word rather disdainfully, it did begin his career. Thirty years later when asked to write a sequel by his publisher, Asimov agreed. In the book, *Asimov's Mysteries*, he joined the two stories with the following introduction.

"I think it only fair to tell the gentle reader that very little of that first-published story has been changed. If my inexperience shows I was in my teens when it was published forgive me. What's more to meet the suspicions of some readers who never read the story in its first appearance—not having been born at the time—I did not change one word of the story . . . It is a sobering thought that when this book appears the thirtieth anniversary of that first publication will be only a year away."

Asimov, who is noted for his large ego, is sometimes even more critical of himself in his early years. "Looking back on my first three years as a writer, then, I can judge myself to be nothing more than a steady and . . . hopeful third-rater." His most thorough critic, Joseph F. Patrouh Jr. (also a science fiction writer) is much more kind in his remarks about the young Isaac Asimov.

"Marooned Off Vesta shows definite signs of having been very carefully thought out before hand. The preplanning was directed largely at the plot . . . so that the eighteen-year-old Asimov could use a solution he had recently learned in chemistry class. In his first published story we can see Asimov as a meticulous builder, a shaper of stories."

Patrouh summarizes the best points of the story when he says, ". . . Of these three important early stories, the best is probable 'Marooned Off Vesta', despite its rigged initial

situation. It shows a fine use of expository dialogue, it concentrates on one action with a well defined beginning, middle, and end, and it dramatizes a serious theme: reason and science are more valuable to man's preservation than emotion."

While Asimov's ability as a "storyteller" is obvious in his use of expository dialogue, he falls drastically short in another literary element, character development. The reason for this is probably because so much of his story is directed at the plot and its steady flow of events. Patrouch, isolates this problem a little differently.

"His ... shows no interest in and scarcely an awareness of two extremely personal elements in all men's lives, religion and sex". . . (This idea could be expanded to include almost anything of a personal nature about his characters.) . . . "As a result his people are depersonalized to the extent of being dehumanized. I might use an aphorism to describe Asimov's characters: they are not people, they are story parts."

In general Asimov assassinates the intelligence of his scientific minded heroes with a comic strip level exchange of all their feelings. The fact that the stories were written for in pulp idiom for a pulp audience does not entirely excuse this.

We can see from the evidence so far that Asimov did a reliable job describing the physical elements of his story.

However, he did make some serious errors on the theoretical side of the fence. In his own terms, he violated a few "known scientific facts." First of all, the assertion made by Brandon in the story that, "There'd be no danger in crashing if we did. That midget hasn't got enough gravity to crush a cream puff," is pure nonsense. The effect of gravity is an acceleration in a given direction, in this case any gravity (no matter how weak) could only make their descent more perilous. Through Newton's Laws of Inertia and the Conservation of Momentum the mass of an object, and therefore its momentum, is unaffected by gravity. For example, if an automobile accident were to take place on the moon at 1/6 earth gravity, or even in outer space at zero gravity, the impact and damage would be the same as downtown Miami.

Since his basic assumption that the effect of momentum is unimportant (simply because it is not considered,) his idea of gravity makes it even worse. The effect of gravity on the ship is trying to pull it toward Vesta.

The jargon of S-F is science. The average S-F writer talks easily and glibly of light-years and parsecs. He knows what is

mechanically possible for a spaceship and what is not. For instance, can a spaceship go two hundred thousand miles a second, and, once in outer space, shut off its motors and coast to a halt? The answer is that it can do neither. The first statement violates Einstein's theory of relativity and the second violates Newton's first law of mechanics.

It can be guessed from this sample that technically accurate science fiction is probably difficult to write. At least one might believe it too hard for an eighteen-year-old high school student. It is, in fact, difficult enough for an experienced Isaac Asimov with a PhD to make mistakes rather often, which he reluctantly admits. "I have made enormous howlers in my time and a few have even survived into print. For instance, in 'The Realm of Numbers', I casually spoke of an equilateral right triangle. . . instead of an isosceles right triangle. . . There is no such thing as an equilateral right triangle and I know it very well. . . I never caught it in the revision, in galley proof, in page proof, or even in the final book. It had to be pointed out to me by numerous young readers. . ."

The attention to the details of how mechanical things work, or how events would take place under highly controlled, or well stipulated, conditions is what the writing of science fiction is really all about. Science fiction is more interested in the relationship between setting and people in general than it is in a particular person. A S-F story is often a laboratory case. If we change his environment thus and so, how will mankind change in response? . . . The construction of scientifically plausible alternate settings for human consciousness is science fiction's game, and Asimov is one of its best players.

If anything has been gained from this avocation on my part, it's that Asimov started his writing career with good fundamental writing skills. He planned his story well, directed its action and movement, and controlled the final outcome from the very beginning. He wrote the story and did not allow the story to "write itself." As a writer of today, he rarely ever makes a mistake on scientific ideas. (Probably because they'd take away his Doctorate at Columbia.) He has also improved his handling of character development and managed to give them a little more personality. I like "Marooned Off Vesta" because I can believe it. Without using a calculator I'd have to agree with almost everything said in the story.

Isaac Asimov, you're still my hero. ●

raph : Laurie Crooks



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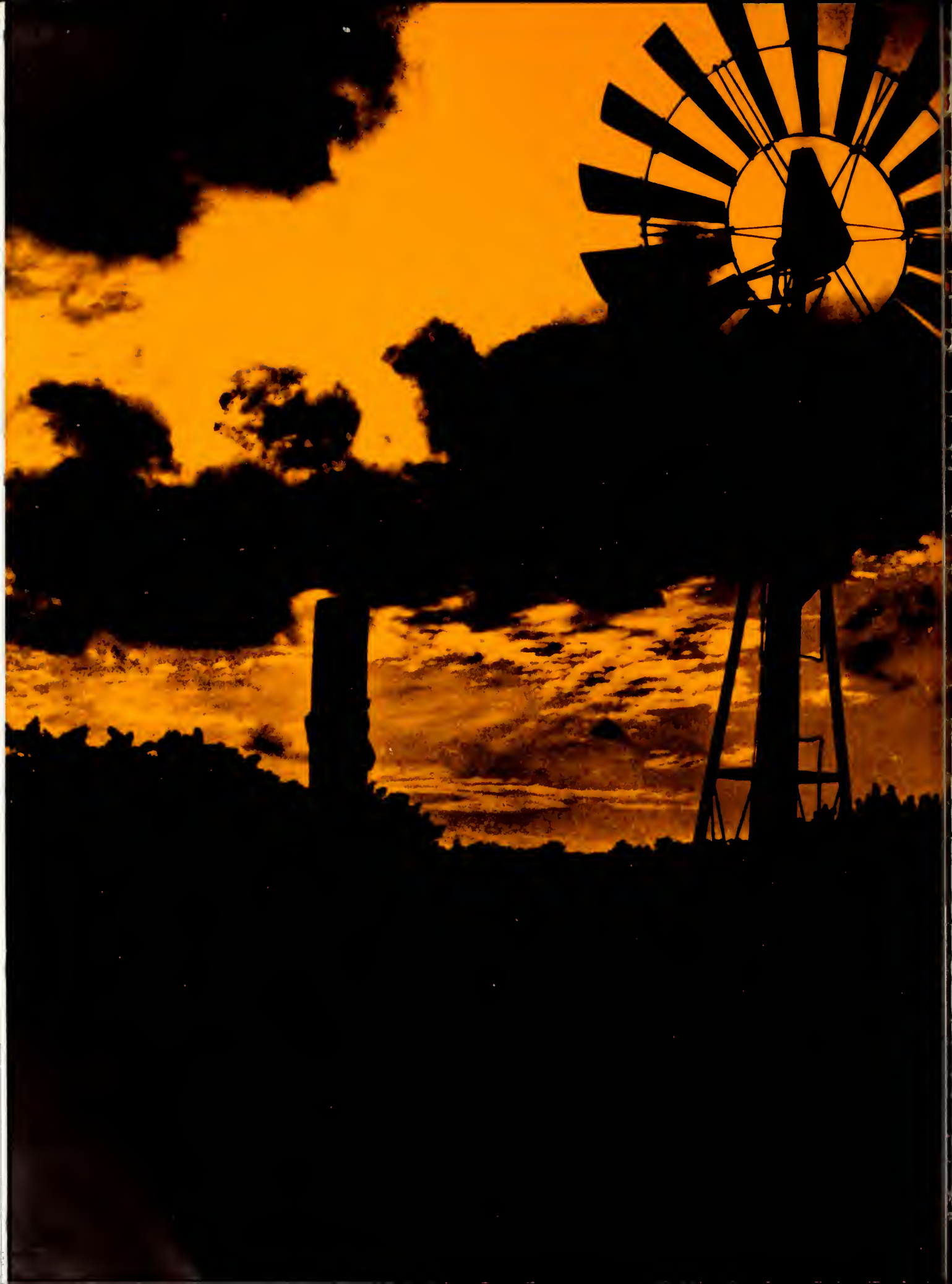


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